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Greeting

DR. ARBUCKLE

Dedicated

to

Dr. Howard Bell Arbuckle

as a slight token

of the great esteem in which he is held by the

editors and student body.

H. B. Arbuckle, A. M., Ph. D.

IN presenting this little sketch of the life and work of a much appreciated teacher, we have naught but a fair escutcheon to unfold. Born of intelligent Christian parents in a home amid the beautiful scenery and vigorous atmosphere of that fine mountain section surrounding the town of Lewisburg, W. Va., we cannot wonder that our subject developed high ideals of character, a deep love of the beautiful in nature, and a quenchless thirst for the secrets of her science.

His early education was pursued in the school of his county. Following that he attended, for one year, Prince Edward Academy, where he won the first honor which entitled him to a scholarship in Hampden-Sidney College.

After a four years' course at Hampden-Sidney our young student received his A. B. degree and delivered the valedictory at commencement. He was appointed Fellow and Instructor in the college for the next year. The following June the degree of A. M. was conferred upon him, and at this commencement he delivered the Master's Oration.

After five years spent in teaching and in further study, Mr. Arbuckle, in 1895, entered Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student, persuing advanced courses in Chemistry, Physiology and Biology.

In 1896 Mr. Arbuckle was married to Miss Ida Meginnis, of Tallahassee, Florida. Miss Meginnis was a first honor graduate of the Seminary west of the Suwannee, the school in which Mr. Arbuckle was instructor for four years. The sweet bride, then won, has ever since been a true helpmeet and the winner of many friends.

At the end of three years Dr. Arbuckle received the degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University. His success was marked. His work, especially his gradvating thesis, attracted the attention of his professors. They suggested a scientific career, most alluring to a true student. But he had chosen the noble calling of a teacher and had accepted the professorship of Physical and Biological Sciences at Agnes Scott Institute, thus consecrating his best powers, acquirements and university training to the work of the higher Christian education of the young women of his beloved South. He loves his students and is concerned not only for their spiritual and intellectual welfare, but enters enthusiastically into their sports and enjoyments.

Thoroughly loyal to his institution, he is always active in advancing her interests, and this has been conspicuously true the past year in his personal work for our new Science Hall. Its admirable internal construction, and greatly improved equipment is due largely to his energy and capability, notably in his raising five hundred dollars for the purchase and putting in of the new gas machine. We sincerely hope Dr. Arbuckle will remain with us many years and help to realize for Agnes Scott her highest ideals.

Editors

Editor-in-Chief

LAURA CANDLER, 04.

Associate Editors

JULIET COX, '03

JANIE CURRY, '04

MATTIE DUNCAN, '04

CLIFFORD HUNTER, '04

MATTIE TILLY, '04

Art Editors

OCTAVIA AUBREY

BROWNIE HUSON

MABLE McKOWEN, '05

Business Managers

VIRGINIA BUTLER, '04

ANNIE SHAPARD, '04

Rosenau Co.
Cin.

Editorial.

Another year has come and gone—another year with its trials and pleasures, its studies and recreations, its failures and successes—and, as a memento of this year, we present to our friends the second volume of the Silhouette. Encouraged by the success and kindly reception of last year's volume, we have again attempted to picture Agnes Scott life. Just how much time and thought we have spent upon it, you may judge from the contents; just how much pleasure it has been to us, only you who have joined in a like work may know.

We have tried to make a true sketch of the year, to present "the doings and sayings" of those about us, so that in years to come as we glance through its pages, names and faces, all but forgotten, will bring back to us the memory of our school days, and chief among these this year which has been one so peculiarly bright. Fortune has indeed smiled upon us; never has there been a more enthusiastic faculty or student body. It is this interest of the girls in the annual that made it a pleasure to us to do it for them.

Miss McKinney, Miss Louise Lewis and Dr. Arbuckle have again befriended us and we wish to express to them our deep appreciation of all that they had done to forward the success of this little volume which we give to you with the same old excuse, "We have done our best."

Ye Editors.

AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE

Faculty

F. H. Gaines, D. D., President.
Miss Nannette Hopkins, Lady Principal.

Miss Louise McKinney,
English Literature.

Miss Nannie A. Massie,
French and History.

Miss Mary D. Sheppard,
Philosophy and German.

H. B. Arbuckle, A. M., Ph. D. (Johns Hopkins),
Physical and Biological Sciences.

Miss Maud Morrow, A. M. (Univ. of Miss.),
Latin and Greek.

Miss Anna T. Young,
Mathematics.

Thos. J. Farrar, M. A., Ph. D. (Wash. and Del. Univ.),
English.

Rev. H. C. Hammond,
Bible.

Miss Nannie M. Lewis, B. T.,
Mathematics.

Miss Mattie E. Cook,
Geography.

Faculty

Miss Mary J. Barnett,
History and Physical Culture.

Miss Anne Philips,
Assistant in Mathematics and Latin.

Miss Annie K. Dewdell,
Assistant in Biological and Chemical Laboratory.

Miss Lila McMahon,
Presiding Study Hall Teacher.

Joseph McLean, Director,
Piano, Theory and Musical History.

John H. Stephan,
Piano and Organ.

Miss Helen Watkins,
Piano and Theory.

Miss Emma L. Leinbach,
Voice Culture and Sight-Reading.

Miss Theodora Morgan,
Violin.

Miss Louise G. Lewis,
Painting and Drawing.

Board of Trustees

Col. George W. Scott, President	Decatur
F. H. Gaines, D. D.	Decatur
C. M. Candler	Decatur
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T. H. Rice, D. D.	Atlanta
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T. V. Porter	Jacksonville, Fla.
Rev. C. P. Bridewell	Atlanta

Classes

Senior

MARION BUCHER, P. L. S., DECATUR, GA.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Literary Editor *Silhouette*, '02; Secretary Senior Class.

AUDREY TURNER, M. L. S., CAMILLA, GA.

"Her voice was ever sweet, gentle and low,

An excellent thing in woman."

Treasurer M. L. S., '00; President M. L. S., '00; Vice-Secretary Christian Band, '01; Vice President M. L. S., '01; Secretary M. L. S., '01; President M. L. S., '02; Secretary Christian Band, '02; Vice President Christian Band, '02; Secretary M. L. S., '02; President M. L. S., '03; President Christian Band, '03; Writer for Shonts Prize, '03; Treasurer Senior Class.

EMILY WINN, P. L. S., DECATUR, GA.

"Her modest locks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

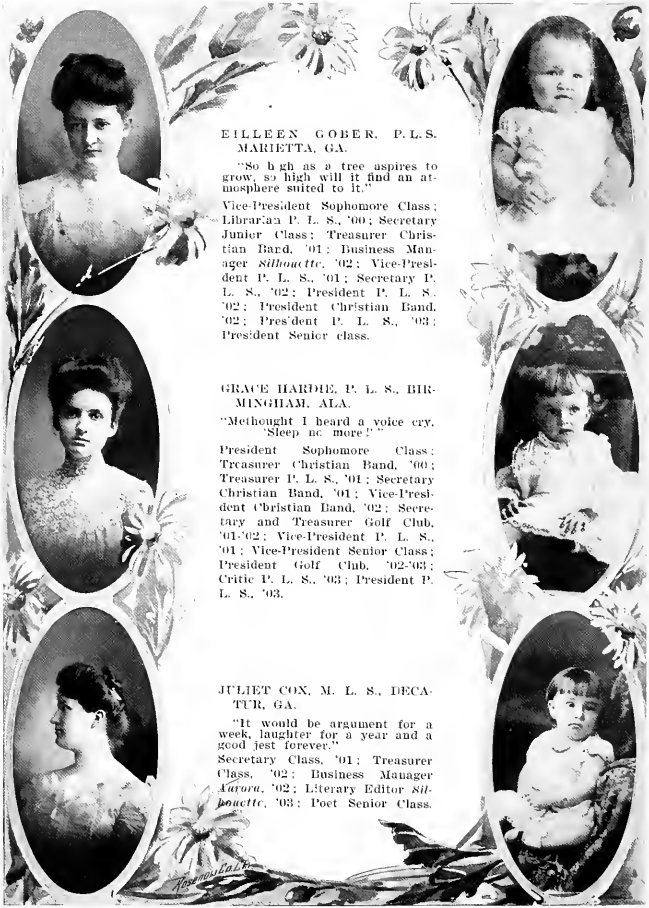
Treasurer Sophomore class; Historian Sophomore Class; President Junior Class; Literary Editor *Aurora*, '00-'01; Editor-in-Chief *Aurora*, '02-'03; Editor-in-Chief *Silhouette*, '02; Prophet Senior Class; Writer for Shonts Prize, '03.

HATTIE BLACKFORD, M. L. S., ATLANTA, GA.

"A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that she did not adorn."

Representative M. L. S. for Shonts Prize, '02; Literary Editor *Silhouette*, '02; President M. L. S., '02; Literary Editor *Aurora*, '02-'03; Historian Senior Class; Representative M. L. S. for Shonts Prize, '03.

Rosanova Co Chi



EILLEEN GOBER, P. L. S. MARIETTA, GA.

"So high as a tree aspires to grow, so high will it find an atmosphere suited to it."

Vice-President Sophomore Class; Librarian P. L. S., '00; Secretary Junior Class; Treasurer Christian Band, '01; Business Manager *Silhouette*, '02; Vice-President P. L. S., '01; Secretary P. L. S., '02; President P. L. S. '02; President Christian Band, '02; President P. L. S., '03; President Senior class.

GRACE HARDIE, P. L. S., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'"

President Sophomore Class; Treasurer Christian Band, '00; Treasurer P. L. S., '01; Secretary Christian Band, '01; Vice-President Christian Band, '02; Secretary and Treasurer Golf Club, '01-'02; Vice-President P. L. S., '01; Vice-President Senior Class; President Golf Club, '02-'03; Critic P. L. S., '03; President P. L. S., '03.

JULIET COX, M. L. S., DECATUR, GA.

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a year and a good jest forever."

Secretary Class, '01; Treasurer Class, '02; Business Manager *Aurora*, '02; Literary Editor *Silhouette*, '03; Poet Senior Class.

Senior

Organization

PRESIDENT, Eilleen Gober. VICE-PRESIDENT, Grace Hardie.

SECRETARY, Marion Bucher.

TREASURER, Audrey Turner.

HISTORIAN, Hattie Blackford.

POET, Juliet Cox.

PROPHET, Emily Winn.

Colors—Amethyst and gold. Flower—Marshal Neal Rose.

Members

Audrey Turner, Hattie Blackford.

Marion Bucher, Grace Hardie.

Eilleen Gober,

Emily Winn, Juliet Cox.

Honorary Members

Miss Hopkins, Miss McKinney.

Senior Poem

Ah, drink if you will to the dear little girl
With laughing eyes and her head in a whirl,
And drink to the love of that merry lass;
Then fill up your glass and drink to the class
Of nineteen three!

Ah, drink if you will to the tender heart,
And the lofty soul of your own sweetheart,
And drink to the trust of that noble lass;
Then fill up your glass and drink to the class
Of nineteen three!"

Ah, drink if you will to the student true,
With her jaunty air and her work to do,
And drink to the faith of that happy lass;
Then fill up your glass and drink to the class
Of nineteen three!

Yes, drink to the girls who will leave you ere long,
That they in life's trials may ever be strong,
And drink to the health of each charming lass;
Then fill up your glass and drink to the class
Of nineteen three!

—Poet.

History

Period 1899-1903

Campaign of 1899-1900.

IN the year eighteen hundred and ninety-nine began the courageous struggle of the class of 1903, a struggle destined to last for four long years. A brave little band, they started out determined to conquer or to die. The odds to be overcome were great, but so were the courage and patriotism of the Freshmen. The first year was a period of many skirmishes, but no great encounter is recorded as taking place during this campaign. Owing, however, to a lack of sufficient preparation, as well as to the great hardships to which they were exposed, there fell during this year perhaps a fourth part of the brave band. In May, 1900, a truce of three months was agreed upon.

Campaign of 1900-1901.

By the next year the troops, raw at first, were becoming better drilled and more hopeful of success. But all their courage and skill were needed, for new enemies rose up against them, Gaines' Bible Notes joining the alliance of opposing forces. At mid-year there took place a fierce encounter, attended by severe loss,

and a few months later there occurred, in May, another great battle, lasting about ten days. In this battle, also, the fatality was great, and both sides were glad to agree upon a short cessation of hostilities.

The Great Year of 1901-1902.

In September, of 1901, the opposing forces were again facing each other. By this time the class of 1903 had gained at least one-half of the coveted territory. Many important positions were now in their hands, among them Algebra, Geometry, Cæsar, Cicero and one of the three districts of Gaines' Bible Notes. At the beginning of this year, also, they had a slight addition to their forces.

Desperate Siege of Trigonometry—Its Final Capture.

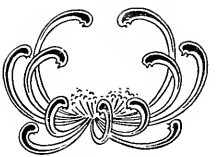
Now they went up against Trigonometry and besieged it. This was a very strongly fortified place, set about with sines and cosines, tangents and cotangents. For fear of a sudden sally from within the walls, the besiegers scarcely dared sleep day or night. Many a time they thought to have taken the place by storm, but every time some new formula would be cast up to bar their way. At last, when they were almost in despair, they called a council and asked if anyone could suggest some expedient. Then in their midst rose J—— C——, and urgently and at great length insisted that the only way to conquer the place was to "dig, dig." This was the plan finally adopted, and so, after many days, the place was undermined and taken.

1902-1903—The Beginning of the End.

The class nerved itself for what it knew must be the final struggle. It was now a band of veterans, and so great had been the fatality among the privates that not a single one was left. All the survivors were officers. You might tell the hardships they had been through by their emaciated condition, and by the scars of many conflicts. But their hearts were great within them, for they saw before them mountains, it is true, but across them lay—"Diploma."

Their captain, a gigantic figure, once more marshaled them in battle-array, and so they set themselves a last time to the strife. Their fortune this year has been great. Not one has fallen before the enemy or succumbed to sickness.

Their struggles are by no means ended, and they have still a few important positions to take, but it is now uniformly conceded from the general trend of affairs that before many months the powers will be forced to acknowledge their independence.



Junior

Junior

Officers

PRESIDENT—ANNIE SHAPARD.
VICE-PRESIDENT—CLIFFORD HUNTER.
SECRETARY—VIRGINIA BUTLER.
TREASURER—MATTIE DUNCAN.
HISTORIAN—MATTIE TILLY.
POET—LAURA CANDLER.

Colors—Scarlet and cream.
Flowers—Red and white carnations.

Members

Virginia Butler,
Olive Brown,
Laura Candler,
Janie Curry,
Mattie Duncan,
Clifford Hunter,
Lois Johnson,
Annie Shapard,
Mattie Tilly,
Rebil Robertson.

Honorary Members

Dr. Gaines,
Miss Lytle,
May Shepard.

Junior Class History

SOMETIMES many events are crowded into one year's time, but during this, the Junior Year of the Class of '04, few events have happened which are worth recording—indeed, each day is so like every other day that we might almost say that the record of one is the record of all. The history of the Junior Class is not so different from the history of the world—a record of struggles. Perhaps it might be said that the history of our class is summed up in that little word, *trial.* This word is the key to our history in another sense, too,—it contains the initial letters of the words which sum up our record.

T, the first letter of *trial,* is the initial letter of *talk,* and it cannot be denied that the Juniors have talked, though it *may* be denied that the talk of the Juniors is worth recording. Is not that habit of talking commonly considered the chief characteristic of women? The Juniors have read from the pages of Carlyle that "speech is great, but silence is greater," but they do not seem to believe it, except when they are in class and do not know the lesson.

R suggests *rush*—a very truthful suggestion. We have been led on from our Freshman year, hoping to come to an easy year, but the easy time, like the end of the rainbow, has ever receded before us, and so we have always had to *rush* to get all done, and we are still rushing on, toward graduation, we hope. Truly, the Juniors are typical Americans in this one respect that they are always busy.

I sure means *ink,* both red and black, for these two have figured prominently in many of the important events of our history. That little word has the power of calling up such pleasant things, as for instance, Latin proses, examinations, themes and literature note books.

A suggests a work which perhaps more than almost anything else has relieved the weariness of study—a work with which we associate so much pleasure, so much planning, so much enthusiasm. In after life when we look backward to our Junior year, we shall, perhaps, think first of all of the Annual.

L, of course, means *lessons.* We have had more of these things than anything else, perhaps more than we have always desired. By way of lessons we have gone into that glorious study, English literature, and along with it we have studied the language that made it. We have followed the old, old story of the wicked Israelites and have tried to learn something of French, Latin and German. But the struggles with these do not compare with that terrible and mighty battle with that awful foe in the bloody garb—Davis Psychology.

Perhaps we should add *s* to *trial* and make it *trials,* for our attempts to be something, to do something, to learn something, have certainly been more than one; and then, too, we need an *s* for Seniors, for our relations with them have been so close and so pleasant that we cannot omit them in our history. This reminds us of our relations to the rest of the A. S. I. world. We are at peace with all now, no enmity existing between the Juniors and Freshmen or Sophomores.

And now as we see the end of this, our Junior year, approaching, we begin to look forward to our Senior year, the crowning year of our school life, and yet the saddest of all—the year of parting.

Sophomore

Sophomore

Officers

FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.
President—BESSIE DUKE.	President—LULIE MORROW.
Vice-President—MABEL McKOWEN.	Vice-President—EMMA BELLE DU BOSE.
Secretary and Treasurer—MARY KELLY.	Secretary and Treasurer—MARY KELLY.

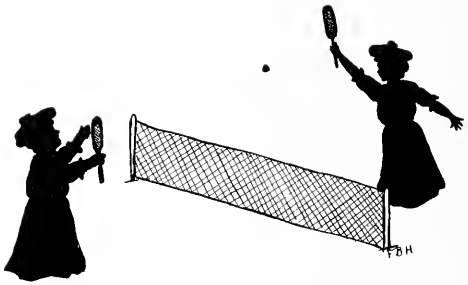
Colors—White and gold. Flower—Daisy.

Motto—"Never put off for tomorrow what you can do today."

Members

Pearl Wallace,
Mary Darling Hooper,
Louise Chick,
Annie King,
Mary Kelly,
Lucile Lane,
Clare Hardin,
Ida Lee Hill,
Martha Merrill,
Emma Belle Du Bose,
Bessie Duke,
Mary Lou Patton,
Mabel McKowen,
May McKowen,
Sallie Stribling,
Katherine Reid,
Luetta Gregg,
Lulie Morrow.

05



Concerning the Sophomores

MAY McKOWEN.

Oh, she comes from Louisiana.
Where the cane and cotton grows;
'Twould take half my life to tell you
All the curious things she knows.

KATHERINE REID.

Her love for Miss Lytle is past comprehension.
The way she hates Math grieves Miss Young to the heart;
She seems to enjoy both her French and her Latin;
She's little and jolly and also quite smart.

LUETTA TREGG.

She's a slender, brown-eyed maiden.
From an Alabama town;
With her mus'c and Delsarte
She will win herself renown.

LALLIE STRIBLING.

A modest maiden, quite demure.
In ways and manners gentle, pure;
A maiden fond of books forsooth.
And loved by all—'tis said with truth.

BESSIE DUKE.

A maiden passing fair is she,
Whose life is one sweet harmony.
In chapel she plays chords and scales,
While th' "student body" shrieks and wails.

MARTHA MERRILL.

The goddess Minerva will honor her wisdom.
The Musés will bow when she comes into sight.
The length of her words will astound Noah Webster
Ard all will consult her, this fair maid so bright.

IDA LEE HILL.

Through Fortune's mystic specs we see
Our dark-eyed schoolmate, Ida Lee;
For her there'll be a lot of beaux
As every year she fatter grows.

ANNIE KING.

Ard next comes our dear Annie King.
And tho' she's a very small thing.
Both Latin and Greek she can fluently speak.
But her prose has a different ring.

AURELLE BREWER.

"Oh, I can never find my books!"
Is Aurelle's constant cry.
Perhaps it is she never looks,
And that's the reason why.

LOUISE CHICK.

Louise Chick is a bonnie lass.
To her now turns Dame Fortune's glass;
She will develop a learned streak.
Speak English, Latin, German, Greek.

MARY KELLY.

Mary, more wisdom resolved to acquire,
And a knowledge of Math. more complete and entire,
So hither she came to the A. S. L.
To learn about ⓢ & and 𝕋

CLARE RARDEN.

She goes home in the evening.
Where the firelight flickers brightly,
And that cruel, cruel whistle
Ne'er disturbs her studies nightly

MABEL McKOWEN.

Mabel McKowen, hers is the pleasure
Of painting our pictures sometimes when at leisure.
We've tried different artists until we're disgusted
But one of our number can surely be trusted.

LULIE MORROW.

Oh, a dear little girl is Lulie.
And worthy of very much praise;
But chemical air, unless she takes care.
Will eventually shorten her days.

MARY LOU PATTAN.

Our Mary Lou—you ne'er could call her stout,
Because she's "linked sweetness long drawn out."
But ah! in grief she'll spend her latest day,
If she does not control her tongue some way.

MARY WARLING HOOPER.

Like Pandora, all gifted,
She's blessed by the gods.
Blind Cupid doth love her,
And Jove himself nods.

EMMA BELL DU BOSE.

Emma Bell is our class-room's protector;
She always looks after the chairs;
By unanimous vote we'll elect her
To see that they're kept in repairs.

LUCILE LANE.

See Lucile rub her sleepy eyes
As the rising bell doth ring.
"Oh, how I hate that sound!" she sighs
"Sleep is the sweeting thing."

Freshman

Freshmen

Officers

PRESIDENT—CAROLINE DU BOSE.
VICE-PRESIDENT—SUSAN YOUNG.
SECRETARY—AVA WEST.
TREASURER—MARGARET McCORMACK.

Colors—Black and gold. Flower—Black-eyed Susans.

Members

Bertha Carmichael.
Ruth Burt.
Katherine Cox.
Olive Carothers.
Caroline Du Bose.
Ethel Flemister.
Virginia George.
Adalyn Hyde.
Margaret McCormack,
Mabel Smith.
Lucy Wright,
Julia Watson,
Ava West.
Susan Young.
Jeannette Wey.

Honorary Members

Miss Young.

The Freshmen

Motto—"I want to go home." Colors—All shades of green.

Yell—"Ma! Ma!"

Class Poem

A freshman stood on the burning deck,
And, as far as we can learn,
Stood there in perfect safety—
She was too green to burn.—*Ex.*

History of the Freshman Class

ON October 16, 1902, nineteen of Adam's posterity organized *the* class of the Agnes Scott Institute.

Our first meeting was held in one of the recitation rooms, and we duly elected our officers, whose names appear so prominently in the other departments. This organization was laughed at by the big-headed Sophs., but in the face of their jeering we bravely set out to get ahead of them, and have succeeded admirably.

Whenever we walked on the campus we were greeted with the cries of "Hello, Freshie," and such like, and at first we felt like—well, nothing; but now not one of the Sophs. will say a word about our being "Fresh and green." Ask them why.

As to looks, no one is conspicuous for her pulchritude, and no one strikingly otherwise; yet it is said of us, by more than one authority, that we are the best looking set of Freshmen that have ever been seen at this, or, in fact, any other school.

The Juniors are our friends. They hope by their dignified ways to "keep us down." On Hallowe'en we entertained them royally; and the Sophs., some green with envy, others yellow with jealousy—some have not yet regained their original color—slighted us for a whole week!

Miss Young, our honorary member, helped us through that dreadful week and we feel indebted to her for our lives.

Of course, we have had other troubles besides the Sophs., but we have borne them all as Freshmen should.

In books, though perhaps not the first, we are by no means the last, and we ask you to watch the progress of a model class—the Class of '06. HISTORIAN.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

Officers 1902-03

President	-	Martha Cobb Howard
Secretary	-	Annie Kirk Dowdell
Treasurer	-	Laura Boardman Caldwell

A. A. A. S. I.

IT was a success! A great success! Dignity and beauty, grace and wit gave the menu, charming in itself, an added charm. A. S. I. was toasted, Colonel Scott was toasted, the Alumnæ were toasted, everything that could be toasted was well toasted, crisp and brown and tasty. It was all pleasant to the senses, but far better, how gratifying and elevating was it to the spirit, to see the sweet maturity of those who are taking lessons in life's great school, to hear the words of true loyalty to *Alma Mater* and its principles, to feel the bonds of fellowship tightening with a closer, warmer pressure, to know that for now and forever the hearts of those are knit together who have a common love for a common cause, and that cause great and noble, for it seeketh the glory of God and His glory doth shine upon it. The incoming members from the class just on the eve of graduation were cordially received into an association which claims them for its own. Blessing and being blessed, may they never fail of their allegiance. The banquet of 1902 was a success, and success is cheering.

Another success seems just within the grasp of the Alumnæ. The scholarship fund quoted last year as $560, is now nearly $700. A little more effort, a little more patience, accompanied with prayer and thanksgiving and the $1,000 will be complete, standing as a proof of what the Alumnæ can do, and as a pledge of what they will do in the furtherance of the good plans of A. S. I. With united, purposeful, concerted, consecrated effort, they may extend their influence from generation to generation, and seed of their sowing may bear fruit in this land and in other lands and in the world of light immortal.

Our Contributors

Art Contributors

Martha Schaefer.

Clara Burney.

Mable Smith.

Mary Howell.

Leonora Owsley.

Literary Contributors

Emily Winn.

Hattie Blackford.

Carlotta Alexander.

Literary

How Sir Bleys Found the Holy Grail

A STORM-CLOUD gathered in the west and rolled up to meet the setting sun. A lonely marsh heron flew across the path with a dismal cry. Then there was a great stillness. The land lay breathless, waiting for the breaking of the storm. And rapt through all the stillness rode Sir Bleys, with heart on fire, to find the Holy Grail. Two months gone by, he, with the Table Brund, had sworn to find the consecrated cup that held cure for the woes of all the world; but not a twelvemonth and a day swore Sir Bleys should be his search, but all his life, till death, if needs must be.

As Sir Bleys thus rode he came to a ford across which the land rose precipitously, wild and beautiful and fiercely lonely. Capping the cliff there towered a great, gaunt castle, and Sir Bleys bethought him he had reached the border land of Wales.

The storm-cloud broke into great drops of rain; the winds acquired a voice and raged and moaned. With the moaning of the wind there came to Sir Bleys' ears a sob, pitiful as that of some blind child that stretches out its hand and finds no aid. Muttered the knight, as he crossed himself, "Sure, some lost soul, sent out this night to wander through the world. May God assail it!"

Even as he spoke his eyes fell on a little maid, perchance sixteen, who stood upon the bank and watched a boat float far adown the stream, and stretched her hands and made to call it back.

A little, slender thing she was, as she swayed in the wind, her dark hair loosed and blown about her white face. There came a great flash of lightning and the maiden turned affrighted eyes upon Sir Bleys.

Leaning down, he swung her lightly up before him, and urged his horse into the stream, and so they came to the other side and began the ascent of the cliff.

The rain came in sheets now. Blackness closed about them, save when mountain flashed signal to mountain, and then the universe joined in one deep groan. Not a word said Sir Bleys for the raging of the wind, but took his cloak from about him and wrapped it about the maid, who struggled feebly against the sacrifice, then lay, a little warm, wet thing, within his grasp.

So in the darkness and the storm, they came at last to the castle door.

Sir Bleys beat on it with his sword and it was cast open by a giant figure towering on the threshold in the light from the glittering torches.

"Who knocks on such a night?" he cried. Then as the maid leaped lightly to the ground, "Ygerne! Why, child, did think thou hadst been safe in house this hour. And where, pray, didst find a knight of Arthur's court?" But she shook her wet hair about her face and fled, without one last backward look at young Sir Bleys, cloakless and wet and every inch a knight. So left him there, without a word of thanks.

Sir Bleys knew this giant foe, Brastias, one of the greatest knights of Arthur's court, till proven traitorous and condemned to death; but because he once had saved the life of Guinevere, Arthur gave him his life, now, in return, sending him forever from his court. So Brastias took his child and fled to Wales. Here on this wild, lonely cliff, the girl grew up, with but her father and a few aged retainers. Nor had she near her any woman save her nurse, nor knew she aught of knights, save through the old woman's tales. To this old woman she fled and told her story. "Sure, Sir Launcelot, he!" she said. "Think you not 'tis he? He is so tall and fair, so gentle and so strong!" The old crone laughed and shook her head and muttered, "Some other knight of Arthur's court, perchance, not Launcelot!" But Ygerne made her tell over that night all the tales of Arthur's court. Then cried herself to sleep, she knew not why.

For four days the storm raged round the castle so fiercely that no living thing might be seen, for all had fled to shelter and kept close.

In the great hall Ygerne looked at the knight, a wild flower maid, as timid as some forest thing, and then as sweetly, friendly, listening with eyes that glowed like stars to hear of the brave deeds of Arthur's knights. Last, when he told her how every knight bore some token of his lady's favor, a glove, a scarf, a riband—then jesting said, but he, "poor knave, had none," she, moved to tenderest pity, untied, from about her neck, a golden cross and gave it to him. He kissed her hand with reverence, and bound the cross in his helm. "Fit emblems for one who follows the Grail," quoth he.

The fifth day the storm passed and Sir Bleys departed, and again the little maid cried herself to sleep, but that night, alas, knew why.

So Sir Bleys rode away, but in his heart there stirred a power that quickened into life and took possession his whole being, and yet he saw not plainly what it was. Only he knew he longed for Wales with a great longing, and often in his dreams he climbed a cragside in a raging storm, a little warm, wet maid within his arms.

Grail, but ever when he turned his eyes toward Wales, the golden cross within his helm, her gift, called him back to his vow and to his search.

As he thus searched and denied himself and suffered in body and in mind, his heart grew exceedingly tender toward every other sorrowful soul, his love grew so it would not be denied, but overflowed to all the world. Did he see any man in distress, he knew what it meant; any maid, it might have been Ygerne; any wild hunted thing, it looked at him with her eyes of the storm. He strove to keep his hands quite clean, else how dare he touch hers? His heart utterly pure, else how could he ever look within her eyes again?

One night Sir Bleys was very weary. All day he had walked that an aged pilgrim might ride. Coming to the nearest inn, he lay down to sleep in utter exhaustion. To him in his sleep there came a Gentle Presence. His brow was pierced with thorns and bore the sorrows of a world. He looked at Bleys with his dead mother's eyes. And in His hands He held the Holy Grail. Sir Bleys, in his dream, fell on his knees before Him. When He spoke it was as the sound of many waters.

"Bleys, knowest thou me?"

"Aye, Lord."

"And what I hear?"

"The Grail, dear Lord!"

"And what we drank therefrom, both Me and Mine, that last great night before my work was done?"

"Lord, the sacrament!" whispered Bleys, from the ground.

Then the vision bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"Aye, of pure love, O Bleys! My love for them and thee, and thine for me and all the world. The Holy Grail abides in each man's heart, so he but make it a fit temple there."

In the glory of his dream the vision held out the Grail in both pierced hands to Bleys. He bent and kissed the brim—and waked, and in his heart was a great peace.

Next morning he turned his horse's head toward Wales.

A Glimpse of College Life

"IT'S no use trying, Frances, I simply cannot write a theme this afternoon; I haven't an idea in my head. What a subject, too!—'Burke As An Orator.' Who's thinking about Burke or any other orator anyway! All I'm thinking about is the good time I had during Christmas. Oh, Frances, did I tell you about those gorgeous roses somebody sent me? Let me see, I think I have the note here."

Down went pad and pencil, everything forgotten in the wild search for a note in the depths of a trunk, none too tidy.

The room, lighted by the last rays of the sun, was certainly a very attractive one. Gay posters, kodak pictures—pleasant reminders of an outside world—little sketches and college flags concealed the somber gray of the walls. A low couch, luxuriously loaded with pillows, offered an inviting resting place in the little bay window which was bright with scarlet geraniums. One corner was adorned with tennis rackets, golf sticks and other signs of outdoor sports. A slight breeze stirring the white curtains completed the look of coolness and comfort.

Frances looked up wearily from her book. "Mercy, Nan, I almost get this stuff into my head when you start some commotion and scare the whole thing out. A moment ago it was something on the campus that I simply must see; now it is some old note that I don't care a snap about."

"Well, Frances, I just couldn't think any more about that old theme. Please read this—really it's awfully nice; then I'll be quiet—or go out."

Nan came up triumphantly from the depths of her trunk, and tossed the note across the room. "Now just read that!"

There was a moment of silence as Frances read the note.

"And you stopped me for that, Nan!"

"Well, I'll go out and leave you by yourself; besides, I think I smell candy cooking next door."

Frances drew a sigh of relief as the door was shut with a vicious bang and Nan went next door to—well, not to write a theme. L. E. C., '04.

The Luck Some People Do Have

ONE day in early summer as I was walking through the woods I came to a tumbled-down log cabin. In the door an old negro man was sitting smoking a clap pipe and enjoying the sunshine. He did not see me until I came nearly to him, then he rose and bowing low said:

"Your sarvant, marster."

"Good morning, Uncle," said I, "this is a fine morning, and you seem to be enjoying it."

"Yes, sar, I is," he replied. "I'se enjoyin' it right smart."

"Do you live here all alone?"

"No, sar; my wife, Lucindy, she lives here wid me."

"Have you no children, then?" I asked.

"Well, I'se had sixteen chillens, but den, you see, I'se had some luck in losin' dem. Now dere's Victora, a likely gal she was, dat died las' year fum de spring fever. We named her Queena Victora, caise we thought she kinder favored dat lady herself. Den Peter, James and John, we named dem dat caise dey acted so much like de free deciples, when dey was young; dey went to a hot supper down on de Talbot place and killed some free or four niggers and got hung. I was mighty sorry dat dem free got hung, fer dey was jest gittin big enuf ter wuk good. Lily was de youngest ob de whole fambly an' she died when she was cuttin' her teef. She was de whitest ob dem all, so dat's why we called her Lily. I'se lost seval moah, but I disremembers dey names. When dere's so many names ter remember you just can't keep up wid dem."

I agreed with him that it was right hard, and then I said, "Well, Uncle, didn't you mind losing so many of your children?"

"Oh, yes; I didn't like to see dem droppin' off in dat way, but I thought de Lord knowed what was best for me an' dem, so I didn't complain."

"Well, you certainly did have luck in losing them," I said as I moved away.

"Yes, sah," he said, cheerfully, "I did." C. A. '05.

Behind the Scenes

"WHAT a sweet, dreamy afternoon!" thought I, leaning back against the tree under which I was sitting. "It is far too lovely to be poring over history. The Arabians are very uninteresting, anyway!" Gradually the words on the page before me grew dimmer, and then—I suddenly lost them and myself also. No—here I was, but not myself, only a small fly sitting on a window sill. The room before me was small, but it 'hadde aboot hit a goode breeth of literature.' Everywhere could be seen copies of Chaucer, Milton or Shakespeare, and their spirit seemed to be mingled with the very air. Before a table a woman was busily correcting papers. Over some she smiled, others she frowned upon, and to a few she seemed utterly indifferent. At last she opened one paper, whose handwriting I knew only too well. She frowned deeply while reading and finally marked it with a large "F." I waited to see no more.

Going down the hall, I found myself in a neat study and was just looking to see what the man at the desk was doing, when suddenly the breeze whispered "themes," and I almost broke my wings trying to get out of the room.

After wandering up a flight of steps I found a transome standing invitingly open and flew in. "Surely this is not Rome that I have reached!" I thought. Yet I could hear the speeches of Cicero as plainly as if I were sitting before that gentleman in the Senate house; I could hear the story of Æneas as it had been told in the family circles of Rome; and there could be seen even the blood shed by the Roman warriors (though for convenience it had been placed in an ink bottle). But who was that sitting before me? A Roman lady richly clothed in silks and jewels? No, the spell was broken! It was a simple American woman, busily correcting note books. But was she, with that frown upon her brow, the same one who was always *so* pleasant in class? Was she the one whom the girls said 'never got mad'? I peeped over her shoulder to see what could be so unpleasant, and she was filling *my* book with marks—marks made with the Roman blood.

Leaving this house of horrors, I made my way toward a tall red brick building across the street. Indeed, from the outside this seemed the more formidable of the two, and no wonder that I trembled slightly when I entered one of the second floor windows. What a pretty room was before me! How beautifully kept! Not one thing seemed out of place. Even the woman who sat in the rocking chair quietly thinking—perhaps reasoning out some psychological truth

Six months passed by, and he had, as yet, not even a vision of the Holy —seemed to belong with everything else. What a relief not to see a pile of papers and a frowning teacher correcting them! Gradually I gathered courage and ventured to approach the chair of the thinker. Scarcely had I seated myself on the arm of the chair when I was brushed roughly away and barely escaped being killed. I lingered not a moment, but flew out of the window toward a cottage near by. Here I did not enter, for on the steps sat a woman working intently on one of those little black record books—so appropriately black—"making out grades." I watched her for a few minutes and then as she came to my name she said despairingly, "I'm afraid that girl will never pass in History." I sprang up in astonishment. But there was no cottage, no teacher. I was still out under the shady tree and the neglected History lay on the ground before me. I snatched it up eagerly and sat down to study about the uninteresting Arabians, resolved never to venture again "behind the scenes." A. M. S. '04.

Concerning the Seniors

IT was an ideal May day. The sun shone brightly on Agnes Scott, stealing through the leaves of the tall oak trees and falling in little patches of light on the green grassy lawns. All was sunshine and light, a sense of freedom and gayety pervaded the air as the light-hearted schoolgirls in their soft dresses of organdy and lace came from the tall red building and crossed the lawn in little groups to the picturesque stone chapel now old with the green ivy creeping over its gray-white walls.

Down on the white asphalt drive that wound in and out from the tall gateway, past the main building to the chapel, two old ladies were walking along quite leisurely looking around them with eager eyes.

It was an ideal place for a girls' college—the tall red building with "Agnes Scott 1891" carved in the marble over the front entrance was still the main building, around which clung the happy memoirs of college life; down on the east side the "White House," with its large open verandas, still stood; nearer the Institute, almost hidden by a great oak tree, was the quaint old house of "Our President," and around it were grouped the professors' houses, more modern, perhaps, but all pervaded with a soft home-like air. On the other side of the grounds stood the old stone chapel, and beyond it another large brick building about which stood groups of chattering girls.

"Dear me, how it has changed!" said the little old lady with the gray-blue eyes.

The tall lady with her adjusted her glasses, looked around and said, "Yes, but it has been a long time," and then eagerly, "Oh, I wonder if any of the other girls are here!"

They walked on slowly, talking but little; now and then one or the other would smile as happy memories were awakened by familiar sights. They were passing the old springhouse now wrapped in green leaves and roses.

"Oh, Grace," said the tall lady suddenly, putting her hand on her friend's shoulder, "there's the Lab!"

The gray-blue eyes fairly sparkled. "Now, Gosher, you mustn't say the Lab., the Science Hall, my dear!"

The tall lady laughed. "Pardon!" she said with a mock bow.

An old lady in front of them suddenly turned round. She was a slender little lady. Her soft white hair was parted and pushed back from her face, and her dreamy brown eyes gave her a peculiarly gentle expression. "Excuse me," she said turning to the two friends, "but is this——"

"Oh, Audry!" they exclaimed, tears of joy welling up into their eyes.

Great crowds of people were coming toward the chapel and the merry talk and laughter filled the air. The three old ladies, joined by still another, went into the springhouse and sat again on the old benches.

"Ah, those dear old days! Didn't we have a good time, girls?" said one.

"Yes, indeed! I wonder what's become of the other girls. You know Marion still has charge of that school. To think of Marion teaching ethics, and they say she has three cats!"

"Well, you know Hattie is still living up North. Dear me, how the Blachford pictures have been the rage!"

"And Juliet?"——

Just then a carriage stopped in front of the springhouse and a large, courtly old lady in black velvet stepped out. She came toward them, her face still youthful, beaming with smiles.

"Hello, honey! I heard you all were here, and—dear me! how are you all? Oh, isn't it just lovely to meet again! You know I think if there is anything that has been ennobling to me it is our love for our class! Now I want you all to take dinner with me." During this speech she had been greeting first one and then another most affectionately.

"Oh, jolly! Good!" said the little old lady with the gray-blue eyes.

"How nice of you, Juliet?" they all chimed in.

"Oh, don't speak of it. I wanted to have you yesterday, but the cook was—— Come, let us sit down here and talk over our happy schooldays."

While the crowds passed to and fro the old ladies sat chatting together of by-gone days. Everything was discussed over and over, and especially the many social pleasures of that last happy year, until the crowds had passed on and only a few people were now on the lawn. The tall lady stood up and looked toward the old Lab. Suddenly she gave a little cry of joy—an old white-headed man with a great shaggy shepherd dog following him was coming from the hall. The old man leaned heavily on his staff.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by the flag fluttering from the steeple of the tower. A look of surprise came into her face. "Oh, girls!" she said, "the flag has '03 on it. It is ours." They all looked up. Only the three was distinct when the wind suddenly blew it out straight.

"Now, Goober, you must have your glasses fixed. You see that is '53,' and the gray-blue eyes grew sadder. With a shy look she lifted a fall of lace and looked at the little gold pin under it. The others followed her. On the flag was '53, but on the little pin with its amethyst stones resting on each of their hearts was enameled in purple letters "A. S. I. '03." PROPHET, '03.

Societies

Writers for Shonts Prize, '02

Hattie Blackford, '03.

Martha

Margaret Whitesides.

Writers for Shonts Prize, '03

Hattie Blackford, '03.

Audrey Turner, '03.

Ethel Woolf.

Mnemosynean Literary Society

1. Carlotta Alexander ..... Washington, Ga.
2. Marguerite Baker ..... Jacksonville, Fla.
3. Margaret Berry ..... Atlanta, Ga.
4. Hattie Blackford ..... Atlanta, Ga.
5. Martha Burwell ..... Charlotte, N. C.
6. Clara Burney ..... Clarksville, Tenn.
7. Ethel Briggs ..... Valdosta, Ga.
8. Lucile Brownlee ..... Nashville, Tenn.
9. Sue Bruce ..... Toccoa, Ga.
10. Alice Cowles ..... Charlotte, N. C.
11. Farris Davis ..... De Funiak Springs, Fla.
12. Eula Donaldson ..... Carrolton, Ky.
13. Lucy Dillard ..... Washington, Ga.
14. Caroline Du Bose ..... Atlanta, Ga.
15. Emma Bell Du Bose ..... Atlanta, Ga.
16. Ethel Flemister ..... Dalton, Ga.
17. Lucia Goddard ..... Griffin, Ga.
18. Maggie Hanson ..... Union Springs, Ala.
19. Bessie Hanson ..... Union Springs, Ala.
20. Carrie Harris ..... Sparta, Ga.
21. Ida Lee Hill ..... Washington, Ga.
22. Mary Darling Hooper ..... Selma, Ala.
23. Ruby Hurst ..... Social Circle, Ga.
24. Brownee Huson ..... Covington, Ga.

M. L. S.

25. Matie Jones ..... Jackson, Miss.
26. Mary Kelley ..... Valdosta, Ga.
27. Ethel Kelley ..... Atlanta, Ga.
28. Hattie Leland ..... Water Valley, Miss.
29. Helen Leland ..... Water Valley, Miss.
30. Sadie Magill ..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
31. Margaret McCormack ..... Birmingham, Ala.
32. Chicora McCartha ..... Troy, Ala.
33. Martha Merrill ..... Thomasville, Ga.
34. Leonora Owsley ..... Covington, Ga.
35. Mary Pate ..... Water Valley, Miss.
36. Anna Rosasco ..... Pensacola, Fla.
37. Carter Schaefer ..... Toccoa, Ga.
38. Alice Sharp ..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
39. Mabel Smith ..... Rome, Ga.
40. Eula Stanton ..... Social Circle, Ga.
41. Theresa Summerville ..... Oxford, Miss.
42. Mary Hartwell Summerville ..... Oxford, Miss.
43. Fan Turner ..... Pensacola, Fla.
44. Audrey Turner ..... Camilla, Ga.
45. Hattie Turner ..... Camilla, Ga.
46. Sarah Turner ..... Covington, Ga.
47. Juliette Webb ..... Mindon, La.
48. Ethel Woolf ..... Atlanta, Ga.
49. Edith Cofield ..... Atlanta, Ga.
50. Maude Collins ..... Atlanta, Ga.
51. Bessie Hefley ..... Cameron, Tex.
51. Mary Howell ..... Rome, Ga.
53. Nell Johnston ..... Palmetto, Ga.

Writers for Shonts Prize, '02

Meta Barker, 02.
Bell Dumungton, '02.
Mary Bynum Jarnigan.

Writers for Shonts Prize, '03

Olive Hay,
Margaret Wilson.
Emily Winn, '03.

Propylaen Literary Society

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29. Martha Schaefer ..... Toccoa, Ga.
30. Annie Shapard ..... Opelika, Ala.
31. Jeannette Shapard ..... Opelika, Ala.
32. Ola Shaw ..... Quincy, Fla.
33. Sallie Stribling ..... Walhalla, S. C.
34. Lucy Watkins ..... Jackson, Ga.
35. Julia Watson ..... Lexington, Miss.
36. Ava West ..... Thomson, Ga.
37. Florine Westberry ..... Sylvester, Ga.
38. Margaret Wilson ..... Newburn, Ala.
39. Annie Joe Peter ..... Holly Grove, Ark.
40. Louise Price ..... Cartersville, Ga.
41. Annie Kirk Dowdell ..... Opelika, Ala.
42. Olive Carothers ..... Selma, Ala.
43. Annette Crocheron ..... Gadsden, Ala.
44. Aldine Howell ..... Waynesville, N. C.
45. Mamie Lupo ..... Monticello, S. C.
46. Mamie Tilson ..... Dahlonega, Ga.
47. Louise Van Harlingen ..... Atlanta, Ga.
48. Pearl Wallace ..... Bristol, Tenn.
49. Eugenia Walker ..... Darien, Ga.

The Daisy

As roaming through the woods one day
  My eye upon a daisy fell;
Its petals breathed the joy of May,
  And seemed to me heaven's asphodel.

Its ivory frame seemed loath to part,
  So fair a treasure to lay bare;
For nestled in a golden heart
  You found the soul of nature there.

—J. C.

Aurora

AURORA

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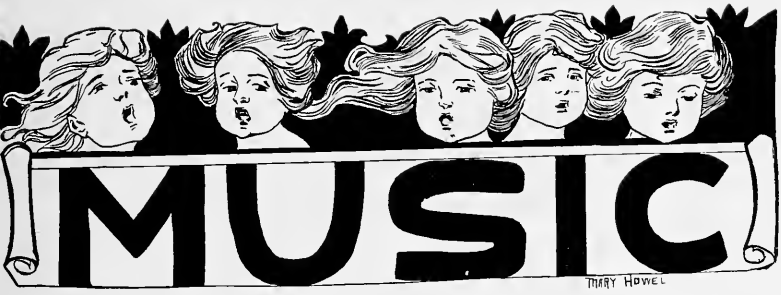
ROSENAU CO.
CHI.

Her Crown

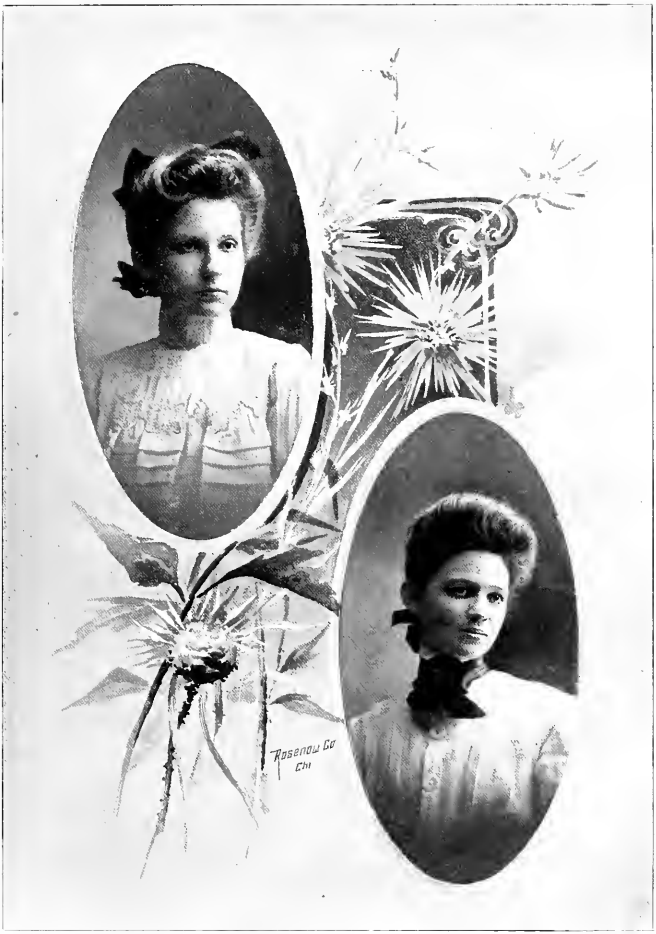
I shall weave you a crown of flowers,
Gathered from Titania's bowers.
I shall seek for in nature a trace
Of the loveliness found in your face.

But the garland when finished, behold!
Not the half of your beauty has told;
So the glory of nature, my sweet,
In a cluster, I fling at your feet.

—J. C.


MUSIC
MARY HOWELL

GRADUATES IN MUSIC



ANNIE AUNSPAUGH (Piano and Violin). OCTAVIA AUBREY (Voice).

Chorus Class

Belle Williams,
Audrey Turner,
Hattie Leland,
Mattie Cobb Howard,
Louise Van Harlingen,
Lucile Brownlee,
Hope Herrick,
Enla Donaldson,
Carter Schaefer,
Bessie Hanson,
Ruby Hurst,
Fannie Brown,
Eliza James,
Olive Brown,
Vera Reins,
Octavia Aubrey,
Bessie Holley,
Pearl Wallace,
Mary Kelly,
Annie Aunspaugh,
Leonora Owsley,
Maude Collins,
Ethel Kelly,
Adalyne Hyde.

A. S. I. Orchestra

Miss Theodora Morgan.

Annie Armspaugh.
Meta Duke.
Aldine Howell.
Cliff Mable.
Margaret Jewett.
Octavia Aubrey. Accompanist.

Spring

Oh, the brightly tinted leaves
Shake their tresses to the breeze,
For spring is here!
Oh, the wood-nymphs dance and sing;
Oh, the hills with echoes ring.

Oh, the myriad colored skies
Mirrored in the flower that lies
At your feet!
Oh, the perfumed-laden air,
Breathing nature's incense rare,
For spring is sweet!

—J. C.

Clubs

Colonial Club

C. Harris T. Summerville L. Price C. Schaefer M. McCormack M. Summerville

Mistress Hooper Mistress Sharp Mistress Kelly Mistress Schaefer Mistresss Cofield

Flinch Club

E. Gober

L. Price
H. Herrick
A. K. Dowdell

V. Butler
G. Hardie
E. Field

Epicureans

President—HATTIE BLACKFORD.

Members

Carlotta Alexander,
Margaret Berry,
Hattie Blackford,
Clara Burney,
Juliet Cox,
Katherine Cox,
Caroline Du Bose,
Emma Belle Du Bose,
Lucy Dillard,
Edna Field,
Bessie Hefley,
Hope Herrick,
Ida Lee Hill,
Mary Howell,
Brownie Huson,
Leonora Owsley,
Martha Merril,
Rebecca Robertson,
Mable Smith,
Louise Smith,
Audrey Turner,
Sara Turner,
Juliette Webb,
Ethel Woolf.

RENNOL

The Stoics

Motto—"Work is our recreation."

Members

Patient menders of bad soles .....Olive Hay, Olive Carothers.

Untiring demonstrators of mathematics.....Mabel McKowen, Jean Evans.

Industrious pliers of needles. .....Katherine Reid, Sallie Stribling.

Chief cooks of indigestible food.....Jeannette Shapard, Willie Hogue.

Continuous promoters of cleanliness..... Bessie Duke, Annie Shapard.

Sleepless plodder on the road to knowledge..... Loulie Morrow.

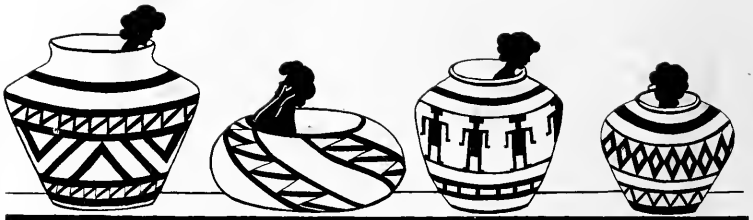
*Uncomplaining sufferers.....Margaret Wilson, May McKowen, Ethel Ried.

*Unfortunately these members were prevented from having their pictures taken, having at the time heroically succumbed to measles.

Sketching Club

Members

Miss Lewis,
Clara Burney,
Mary Howell,
Brownie Huson,
Leonora Owsley,
Martha Schaefer,
Mable Smith.



BASKET CLUB

Members

Carlotta Alexander,
Clara Burney,
Lucy Dillard,
Luetta Gregg,
Brownie Huson,
Mabel Smith,
Lucile Lane.

Members

Annie Aunspaugh,
Eula Donaldson,
Emma Bell Du Bose,
Mattie Duncan,
Hattie Erwin,
Jean Evans,
Willie Hogue,
Aldine Howell,
Helen Leland,
Hattie Leland,
Adelaide Nelson,
Kathleen Robertson,
Juliet Webb.

J. M. C.

Color—Blue. Flower—Touch-me-not.

Motta—"Hence, loathed melancholy."

Members

Ethel Kelly
Carter Schaefer
Martha Schaefer
Alice Sharp

M.M.K

Whistle Dreading Imps

Members

Octavia Aubrey.
Virginia Butler,
Janie Curry,
Annie Kirk Dowdell.
Edna Field,
Grace Hardie.
Hope Herrick.
Eileen Gober,
Louise Price.

O. N. T. Chafing Dish Club

Members

Aldine Howell.
Adelyn Hyde.
Nell Johnston.
Mary Lou Patton.
Ava West.

Maud Collins.
Mary Kelly.
Ethel Flemister.
Katherine Newton.
Louise Van Harlingen.

Chafing Dish Club

Motto—"Where is the man that can live without cooks?"

Colors—Salmon and olive. Flower—Butter and eggs.

Yell—"Bum-a-ling, bum-a-ling!
Ting, ting, ting!
Ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling!
Ching, ching, ching!
Bum-a-ling, ching-a-ling!
Who are we?
Chafing-dish girls of naughty three!

Members

Margaret Berry,
Clara Burney,
Ethel Kelly
Sadie Magill,
Carter Schaefer
Martha Schaefer
Alice Sharf,
Juliette Webb.

Athletics

Golf Club

GRACE HARDIE, President.

ALICE SHARP, Secretary.

Dr. Arbuckle,
Dr. Farrar,
Martha Schaefer,
Sadie Magill,
Martha Merrill,
Eilleen Gober,
Ethel Kelly,
Edyth Cafield,
Adelaide Nelson,
Jim Burgin,
Luetta Gregg,
Lucile Lane,
Annie King,
Fan Turner,
Ethel Woolfe,
Emma Belle Du Bose,
Ava West,
Juliet Webb,
Clara Burney,
Alice Sharp,
Grace Hardie,
Aurelle Brewer.

Tennis Club

A. J. Peter F. Turner M, Duncan H, Turner
O. Brown M. L. Patton

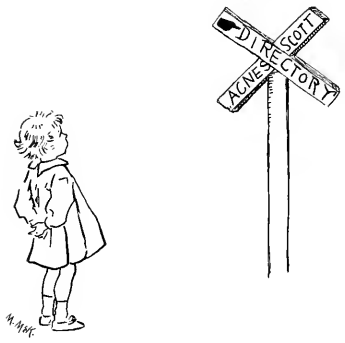
Tennis Club

C. Alexander M. Merril E. Woolf E. B. Du Bose
C. Du Bose I. L. Hill E. Field H. Herrick
C. Burney J. Webb M. Berry Dr. Farrar

White House Racket Club

E. Flemister N. Johnstone A. Howell A. Hyde
K. Newton M. Kelly
M. Collins L. Van Harlingen

Mabel McKowen



A. S. I. Directory

Miss Appleyard—Excuses.....Infirmary, office hours 10-12 p. m.
Annie Shapard—Psychology Notes.....Third avenue, East End, No.
Miss Hopkins—Furloughs .....
.....Office, First avenue, East End, hours 8-3; Residence, Second avenue.
Mr. Farrar—Stamps.....Place of Business (?); Office hours (?).
Lily Philips—Dumb (?) Waiter..Goes 3 times daily from sub-way to Third ave.
Grace Hardie—Cure for Insomnia.....
.....Second avenue, East End, No. 43; hours 12-2 a. m.
Virginia Butler—E. A. E. Pins.....Third avenue, East End, No. 80.
Mr. Stephan—Instructor in Walking.....
.....Course: Front walk (object lessons given), three times daily.
Miss Shepard—Wireless Telegraphy (over transom).....
.....84 Second avenue; hours 8-10.
Nell Johnston—Letter Writing.....White House, second floor.
Mr. Hammond—Revised Notes.....
.....33 First avenue; hours, Wednesday and Friday, 10-12.
Dr. Farrar—Correct Derivations.....
.....Science Building (take elevator to second floor), Saturday, 10-11.
Edna and Grace—Vocal Duèts. Given whenever desired; prices and loud applause.

Jim—Minutic Before Great Exodus, May 21....95 Third avenue, West End.
Margaret McCormick—Best Methods of Teasing.....
.....May be interviewed at table, daily.
Emma Bell—Lessons in Blushing.....72 Third avenue, East End.
Martha Merrill—Lessons in Voice Modulation.....
.....33 First avenue; hours, 11-12, Tuesday and Thursday.
Eileen Gober—Hair Dresser.....
.....Second avenue, No. 64; lessons given morning, noon and night.

OUR CO-EDS.

Will Campbell,
John Adams,
Jim Burgin,
Will Hogue,
Joe Peter,
Joe Binion,
Carter Schaefer,
Henry Thompson,
Fred Tupper,
Cliff Hunter.

Tom Burt.

"Familiar Words"

What's that bell for?

You recited that very well, you won't remember it to-morrow.

Don't *any* more care!

(Just before chapel)—Please lend me a speller.

Who's got the —— after you?

O Joy!

Did I get any mail?

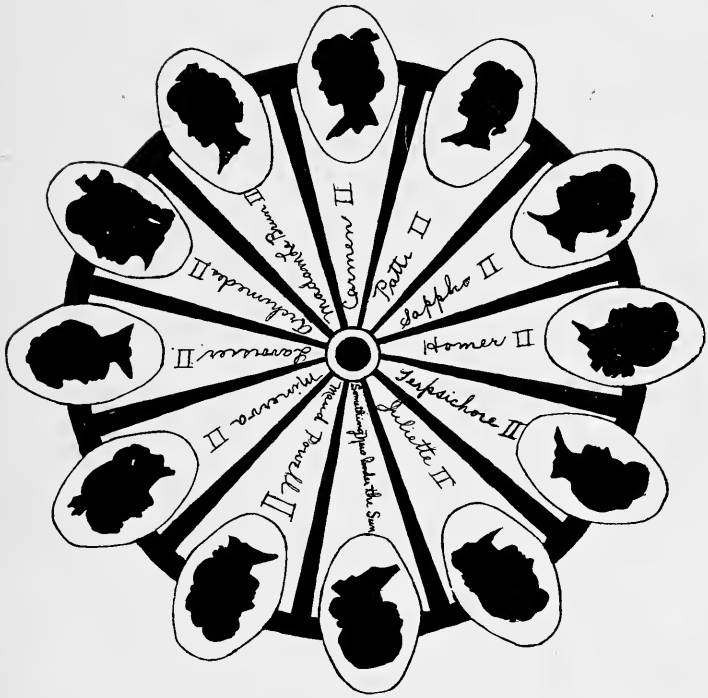
Did you ever hear of such a subject for a theme?

Hello, you!

Is Pearl in here?

Please bring me a roll.

Wheel of Fortune



Letters of a Freshman

AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE.

DECATUR, GA., September 12, 1902.

My Darling Mother:

I arrived here safe and sound yesterday just before dinner. I can't understand how I left home at 12 o'clock and got here at the same time. Their clocks must be different—everything else is. I came up to the front door and knocked about five minutes before anybody heard me. They don't pay much attention to people here. When I came in several very important people were standing around and I thought, of course, they were going to examine me right away, so I tried to say my multiplication table to myself, but I got so mixed up I didn't know how much 7×9 is. Then a nice lady with a soft voice came up to me and said she would show me the way upstairs. We met so many girls on the steps and they all stared at me and whispered "New girl! new girl!" until I thought I couldn't stand it any longer. At last we got to the top (this is the tallest house I ever saw) and the lady opened a door and said: "Here, dear, this is your room. You may go in and get ready for dinner and come down when the bell rings." "When the bell rings"—that's when they do everything here. But I don't see how you know which bell means what when they ring one every five minutes. This morning I heard a bell and ran downstairs to breakfast. When I got down to the first floor I saw everybody rushing toward the other end of the hall. I asked a girl what it meant and she said "Chapel," so I thought that must be a new name for breakfast and joined the others; but I found I was mistaken.

When I came out of the dining-room today half a dozen girls grabbed me and scared me most to death. "What's your name?" "Where you from?" "What class are you in?" they said all at once. "My name's Alice—I'm from the Freshman class—going to be in Mississippi," I stammered. I didn't see why they all laughed then, but I do now.

Good night, the whistle has blown (I thought it was a fire) and I must go to sleep. I will write to you every day. Your Devoted Daughter,

ALICE.

December 24.

Ma Chere Mamma:

I must write you a note and thank you for the *perfectly gorgeous* box you sent. We had a royal feast last night and the girls pronounced it *divine*. We are in such a whirl it really addles my brain! Clare and Mabel invited me to sit in their father's box on Wednesday at "Ben Hur." Isn't that fine! They are such dear girls, anyway, perfect darlings. I'm crazy about them. Well, goodbye, there go the lights. As Ever, ALICE.

Calendar

Sept. 10.....School opens.
Sept. 20.....Dr. Arbuckle receives in Science Hall.
Oct. 1.....Electric lights came on at the White House.
Oct. 5.....Dr. Arbuckle has a birthday supper.
Oct. 18.....Freshmen give Juniors a candy pulling.
Oct. 30.....Tom Watson lectures.
Oct. 31.....The Seniors go to a Hallowe'en party.
Nov. 13.....Waiter drops a tray of hot hominy and coffee on a girl's head.
Nov. 14.....A. S. I. entertains Synod.
Nov. 17.....We go to hear Joaquin Miller lecture.
Nov. 23.....The societies give reception.
Nov. 26.....Thanksgiving day.
Dec. 10.....Examinations begin.
Dec. 19.....We go home for Christmas holidays.
Jan. 2.....We come back to work.
Jan. 12.....We hear R. H. Conwell lecture.
Jan. 18.....King George falls down.
Feb. 10.....Creatore's Band.
Feb. 17.....We listen to Kocian's violin.
Feb. 24.....Miss Morrow takes measles.
Feb. 33.....We hear Thomas Nelson Page lecture.
March 1.....Fiddlers of Agnes Scott give a concert.
March 4.....We have a holiday to go to hear G. Campbell Morgan preach.
March 7.....“Ben Hur.”
March 12.....We see Mr. Richard Mansfield in “Julius Cæsar.”
March 14.....Dr. Garner sings in chapel.
March 17.....Mr. Russel breaks his camera while taking our pictures.

The Lunch Table

A Tragedy in One Scene

TIME—12 o'clock.

Place—A. S. I.

Synopsis (quoted from one of the actresses)—"Gabble, gobble, git."

Scene—Large dining-room filled with table; a small one near fireplace set for lunch.

Bell rings in hall above, almost immediately the door flies open and two ladies enter hurriedly.

Miss McK.—"Good gracious, Anna, we're the first ones here!"

Miss Y.—"That's *good!*"

(Enter Miss B.—Passes others and rushes to table.)

Miss McK.—"Now, Mary, that's not fair; we got here first."

Miss B.—"You're too slow. You ought to walk faster for exercise."

(Enter Mr. H.—Meekly approaches table; the three quiet down.)

Mr. H.—"Good morning. You all seem in a hurry."

(Enter Miss M., Miss S., Miss L., closely followed by Dr. A., who by a clever dodge around a chair reaches the table first.)

Dr. A.—"I hope you all haven't eaten everything up; I'm hungry."

Mrs. A. (coming up behind)—"Why, Howard!"

Miss S.—"Is it hunger or desire for something to satisfy hunger?"

Miss McK. (aside)—"Both, I suspect."

Miss L.—"Well, I can't see any difference, myself. When I'm hungry I certainly want something to satisfy it."

Dr. A. (making for the bread)—"I'll try this and see which it is."

Mr. S. (saunters in)—"Why—what's the discussion about?" (Others too busily engaged to answer.)

Miss Ma. (enters with a paper in her hand)—"Another 'old girl' getting married!"

All—"Who?"

(Miss Ma. reads the announcement, followed by a chorus of exclamations.)

Miss Mo.—"Who would have thought it?"

Miss S.—"I thought she would do it soon."

Dr. A. (sympathetically)—"Poor man, if she hasn't improved since she left here I'm sorry for him."

Miss H. (enters quietly)—"Why, who is that?"

Miss Mc. (makes a dart for the paper, overturns the coffee into the cake plate. Horrified)—"What have I done?"

Dr. A.—"Just ruined everything."

(Exclamations of despair from all.)

Miss P.—"There's the bell, and I haven't had a thing!"

All—"Neither have I."

(Exit immediately Miss S., Mr. H., Miss Y. Few minutes later others follow reluctantly, Miss B. and Miss Mo. each with a piece of pie; Dr. A. with two.)

Curtain falls.

"Nevers"

NEVER waste time looking for Siberia on the map of North America.

Never make public demonstrations of affection in study hall.

Never wear opera slippers to Atlanta on rainy days.

Never turn brown eyes upon a certain professor. They "haunt" him.

Never be greedy at the White House. It doesn't pay.

Never forget that parties in the "gym." are exclusively for young ladies.

Never use the fire escapes as stairways.

Never ask for "Metropolitan" punch at Wiley's.

Never lock the Seniors in their rooms. They're too sly.

Never leave home until you've had the measles. "They" are quite the rage at A. S. I.

"Never pluck the flowers from their stems."

Never use the roll plate for your own—it might be needed.

"Spurs to Memory"

MR. H.—Young ladies may in many ways try to imitate the men, but they have not yet become "brethren."

Dr. A.—It is better to keep certain thoughts to yourself and not to be too flattering on short acquaintance.

Grace H.—The Governor will probably notice the newness and value of your cloak, even if you leave the tag at home next time.

D. G.—The sky *was* cloudy during chapel exercises, but day waited fully twelve hours before it "died in the west" on January 29.

Mrs. A.—Even a narrow ribbon would do much to soften the stiff appearance of a linen collar.

M. D. H.—Young men are not "put" anywhere at A. S. I.

Seniors—To avoid disappointment it is better not to anticipate pleasure at a banquet until you receive an invitation.

Dr. F.—The Juniors do not like to be asked if their names can be changed. Possibly it embarasses them.

Josiah Jones' Comments on Current Literature

His First Attempt.

LORNA DOONE.—We can't understand why Mr. Blackmore changes his name in this book, for certainly Richard Blackmore is a much better name than Jan Ridd. The principal objection we find to this book is the length. We think we could have related what he has to say in much fewer words. Surely he and his wife are not of so much importance that we need a book about them of eight hundred pages!

Romola.—Mr. Eliot has a very good book. However, we rather doubt its veracity. Certainly it describes some things very different from anything we have seen. We have traveled all the way from Atlanta to Montgomery, but we haven't seen any such place as Florence or any such people as Tito, Romola and Nello. On second thought, though, we conclude that all those things may be up North, for we notice there are no negroes in Florence. If Mr. Eliot can clear himself, we would be glad if he would call around at our office, and if we have hurt his feelings we will gladly apologize.

Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, which has recently appeared, may contain many poetic beauties, but these are so obscured by the peculiar type used by the printer that they cannot be discovered. We advise Mr. Schiller to go to a printer the next time who does not use embroidered letters.

Æneid—Ginnus and Companius have recently tried to play a joke on us. Why, they sent us a book called Vergil's *Æneid*, in which the letters were all jumbled up. We would like to remind our friends that we have no time to solve puzzles in this busy age.

Tennyson's *Idyls of the King* are worse than *idle*. In the first place he has spelled the word wrong. We admit our ignorance of English customs, but judging from Tennyson, England must be composed of prize fighters like Corbett and Fitzsimmons. We advise this poet when next he writes to refrain from exposing the faults of his countrymen.

Poems of Robert Burns.—Some of these little poems are very good, being clear and easy to understand. Others of them we think are childish, sometimes even silly. The great majority, we are sorry to say, are ruined by very poor English. Sometimes words are spelled wrong and often foolish words are put in which have no meaning at all.

The Alhambra.—The more we read the more thankful we are that we live

in old Georgia. We thought the age of supernatural things had passed, but we have been reading in Irving's *Alhambra* of many strange occurrences in some far-off State of Granada. We would be afraid to live there where so many unaccountable things are daily happening.

Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*—If this is meant for the truth, Athens must be just about as strange a place as Granada. We rather believe, though, that it is not meant for the truth. In that case we think it probable that it is nothing but a dream as the title says, for surely no man would ever think of anything so silly while he was awake.

In years gone by we went to school with a boy whose mother's step-father was named Carlyle. That boy, however, was very brief of speech. We would like very much to know if this long-winded Carlyle who has lately written a book on *Heroes and Hero Worship* is any kin to the step-father of my old friend's mother. If so, the family inclination has changed. Whoever this Carlyle is, he needn't think he has made *himself* a hero to be worshiped.

General dullness is the only comment which we can make on the following: *Davis' Psychology*, Sheldon's *Ancient History*, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Johnson's *English Words*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

One of the best books which we have received is one called *Themes*, by A. S. I. girls, edited by Dr. Farrar. This book should be in every family. It is vivid and imaginative and has articles on a variety of subjects. For lovers of animals there are pieces on such topics as, *My Experiences with a Pony*, and *A Duel in the Animal World;* for those of artistic temperament, there are vivid descriptions of sunset scenes; for those interested in history there are some excellent articles on *The Jew of the Middle Ages* and *Cardinal Wolsey;* and for the religious, *Naaman's Obligation to Israel* and *My Impressions of a Minister.*

Last, but not least, we have received the *White House Cook Book.* Of all the literature of the day, it is pre-eminently the first. It goes direct to man's sympathies and inspires him with longings for good things. We heartily advise all young ladies to read it.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MOTHER GOOSE

A. S. Alphabet

A is for our annual,
Which we love so well,
But the work that it has cost us none but a Junior can tell.

B stands for beaux.
Hush, dear, they're forbidden.
Let's spell it another way, so as not to be chidden.

C is for "co-operation,"
Dr. Gaines' desire surpreme,
That the "student body" should do this is his ideal dream.

D stands for "dear,"
A word so expressive,
That the use girls make of it is simply excessive.

E is for everybody
Whom Fortune calls
To spend many days in the college walls.

F means the Faculty,
As you easily see;
Which assembly determines what our fate shall be.

G is for great,
Which if any of us here
Would ever attain we must improve on this year.

H is for holiday,
We have only a few,
But we appreciate those, I can tell you we do.

I is for ink,
As we readily know;
For of both red and black there is always a show.

J is for June,
When happy times begin,
When not to study is no deadly sin.

K is for the knell
Of George's sounding bell.
Oh, how we move at the ding-donging of that bell!

L is for laboratory,
Where Dr. Arbuckle stays,
And probably will spend the rest of his days.

M stands for Uncle Moses;
Through the shadows of the night
He keeps the goblins from us and sleeps not a mite!

N is for Nunnally.
But, girls, be advised,
Though Nunnally's is charming, *he* has not advertised.

O is for oranges,
Our dessert every Sunday.
Were there a lack of these, we couldn't live through Monday.

P is for Psychology.
Ah, mercy! Ah, me!
May you from that thing ever be free.

Q is for question,
A word most appalling,
When to you it comes minus a warning.

R is for rush,
A typical state,
In which you find A. S. I. sure as fate.

S is for Scott,
The name that's so dear,
And while it's among us A. S. I. need not fear.

T is for table,
The place where we meet,
In looking and longing for something to eat.

U is for us,
Who've worked on this book,
And conquered great obstacles without a cross look.

V is for Virginia,
So says Dr. A.,
The most wonderful state in this wonderful day

W is for Will,
A conundrum I'll write.
He's black, black as ink, yet he gives us our light.

X stands for Xanthippe,
Who ne'er found her peace
When the faculty aped the fair ladies of Greece.

Y is for youth,
So people say,
For here such a thing ne'er comes in our way.

Z stands for zoology,
Which the classes report
Is butterfly chasing and other such sport.

SAD DEATH AND BURIAL OF A. S. I. RULES

Who slayed the rules?
"We," said the students.
"With our rash imprudence,
We slayed the rules."

Who saw them die?
"I," said Miss S——,
"With my watchful eye,
I saw them die."

Who caught the blood?
"I," Dr. F. replied.
"Red ink is thus supplied:
I caught the blood."

Who'll make the shroud?
"That's for the sewing-bee.
We with our needles three,
We'll make the shroud."

Who'll dig the grave?
"I," said Dr. A.,
"Without any delay,
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said Dr. G.
"It's just the thing for me.
I'll be the parson."

Who'll be the clerk?
"I," said Mr. H.
"If that is my work,
I'll be the clerk."

Who'll carry them to the grave?
"We," said the Seniors.
"They're not our misdemeanors,
We'll carry them to the grave."

Who'll bear the torch?
"I," said Miss McK.
"I'll fetch it right away.
I'll bear the torch."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said Miss Nannette.
"With the deepest regret,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll sing a psalm?
"I," said Mr. S.
"At your earnest request,
I'll sing a psalm."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said King George.
"I can do it quite well."
So A. S. I. rules, farewell!

Guess Who?

There was a young woman who lived in a school;
She had so many maidens she didn't know what to do;
She made them get books and put them in classes,
And they studied so hard they had to wear glasses.

Ah! Ah! silly girls,
Have you conned your lessons?
Yes, ma'am, have we
Three hours full,
Two o'er my sentences,
One o'er my reading,
But none o'er the poor verbs
In the old grammar.

The tyrant of the Lab,
And oh! the horror!
Sat at his desk in despair,
There were themes from Fresh. and themes from Sophs,
And themes from Juniors galore;
But this same mighty tyrant,
Very much to our sorrow,
Cried out with a loud voice for "More!"

One misty, misty morning,
When cloudy was the day,
I chanced to meet a lady
Who drove all cares away.
So cheerful and so bright,
With a smile she did me greet,
That on every cloudy morning
I wish her like to meet.

Another dear lady was a merry young soul,
And a merry young soul was she.
She called for Aldine, Annie and Cliff,
For these were her fiddlers three.

There was a little man who had a little hand,
And it pulled right hard on the map string;
And when he was hacked, he pulled very hard indeed,
And when not hacked, he stopped pulling.

He was an Englishman, he was a musician,
He came to A. S. I. to get a good position;
His fame soon became far beyond local,
And this on account of his wonderful vocal.

There was a teacher in our town,
And she was wondrous wise.
Her face was fair, her motions quick,
And piercing were her eyes.
And for her class's good or else her own
Her students had to write
Just about one little hook
From early morn till night.

One teacher has a barking dog,
Whose coat is black and slick,
And everywhere the teacher goes
His dog will follow quick.
He followed him to school one day,
Which set all eyes to beaming,
For "Laddie" just outside the door
Nigh drowned his master's screaming.

I'll ride a new pony to Gallia-tria,
To see old Caesar upon a stone wall,
Swords in his hand, the tenth legion beside him,
Thus he storms cities wherever he goes.

He had a music class
Which bore the name of chorus,
Which he promised to exhibit
On Commencement Day before us.
He taught them and they bravely
Shrieked and wailed for three weeks long.
Ah! but now if you say "Chorus."
See his face, how woe-begone!

I'll tell you a story
Of Math-Amory.
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About Matb., his brother,
And now my story is done.

He came with her to school one day,
Which was against the rule,
It made the teachers run and peep
To see a man at school.

There once was a man who lived in Decatur,
Of three coal black books he was originator,
With a face full of bliss,
He would say to each miss,
"These hooks, ma'am, you *must* learn now or later."

TOAST TO A. S. I.

Come, ye maidens, come away:
Raise your glasses high today:
Fling aside your work and play,
Here's to Agnes Scott!

Here's to the days that have gone by,
Here's to the girls who once were nigh,
Bring it back, it ne'er must die,
Here's to Agnes Scott!

Here's to the days that now are here,
Here's to the girls who now are near,
Sing it out, that name so dear,
Here's to Agnes Scott!

Here's to the days that are to be,
Here's to the girls who will, like we,
Ring it out o'er land and sea,
Here's to Agnes Scott!

TURN BACK.

"So glad you like it.
So 'fraid you wouldn't."

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